

ment, not meaning the executive line only, but in any line which that paper had not abused. \* \* \* He was evidently sore and warm, and I took his intention to be that I should interfere in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk to my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our Constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the Monocrats, and the President not sensible of the designs of the party has not with his usual good sense and *sang froid* looked on the efforts and effects of this free press, and seen that though some bad things have passed through it to the public yet the good have preponderated immensely. (Anas, 1793. C. VIII.,

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FRIENDSHIP.—When languishing under disease, how grateful is the solace of our friends! How we are penetrated with their assiduities and attentions! How much are we supported by their encouragement and kind offices! When heaven has taken from us some object of our love, how sweet it is to have a bosom whereon to recline our heads and into which we may pour the torrent of our tears! Grief, with such a comfort, is almost a luxury! Friendship is precious, not only in the shade but in the sunshine of life; and thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine. I will recur for proof to the days we have lately passed. On these indeed the sun shone brightly. How gay did the face of nature appear! Hills, valleys, chateaux, gardens, rivers, every object wore its loveliest hue! Whence did they borrow it? From the presence of our charming companion. They were pleasing because she seemed pleased. Alone the scene would have been dull and insipid; the participation of it with her gave relish. Let the gloomy monk, sequestered from the world, seek unsocial pleasures in the bottom of his cell; let the sublimated philosopher grasp visionary happiness while pursuing phantoms dressed in the garb of truth. Their supreme wisdom is supreme folly. Had they ever felt the solid pleasure of one generous spasm of the